

HEROES AT HOME.

Out of his mouth much wisdom comes; his dignity is very great. The world looks up to him as one well qualified to run the state. He seems to be of better clay than just the common run of men. And we revere him as a man whose like we may not meet again. We seem to think that he's above the ordinary things of life. Yet he, too, has to run and hook her waist, when summoned by his wife.

And he, too, mushy phrases spoke and fell upon his bearded knees. And promised, if she'd be his bride, she'd always know a life of ease. He's something wonderful to us, we sit and gaze at him in awe. But still there is a woman who refers to him as son-in-law. And when at home he nightly goes and quite the glamour of the street. His mantle from his shoulders slips and he is told to wipe his feet.

I care not who your hero is, at home he's very much the same. As we are who stand by to cheer at just the mention of his name. When in his dining room he sits, shut off from other people's view, all dips his egg toast in his tea, the way that common mortals do. It matters not how great his fame, like us, when he is all alone. He loves to pick a chicken wing and in his fingers hold the bone.

—Detroit Free Press.

A Lion Hunt.

By Marion Forsyth.

It was shortly after my return from Africa and I was booked to give a talk on the "Fauna of the Tropics" to the Huntsman's club at Hillsborough. Arrangements had been made through a committee, and I was to be entertained by the president of the club while in town. I was somewhat delayed in alighting at my destination by an annoying old person who insisted on claiming my bag as his own. In exasperation I finally convinced him by showing him its contents. A grinning porter was meantime signalling him from the doorway with a bag quite like mine, and the old fellow hurried off with scant courtesy. I noted at the time his athletic build, and his complexion, which was as darkly browned as my own. As I walked along the platform of the station, alert for my host, who, by the way, I had never met. I saw my brown-faced acquaintance and his precious bag being borne off in a sporty-looking rig. No one came forward to claim me, however, but at last, as I stood by the curbing with an expectant eye for a friendly face, I saw a buggy coming toward me. It was a low, comfortable looking vehicle, drawn by a fat, easy-going horse. These points I caught casually, but my conscious attention was directed to the girl who drove. Instantly Wordsworth's "phantom of delight" sprang to my mind:

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From Maytime and the cheerful dawn."

She was looking directly at me, and I dare say I looked as "haunted, startled and waylaid" as the poet himself could have wished.

She smiled brightly. "Is this Uncle Henry?" she asked in a tone that would have no denial. I would have pleaded guilty to an identity more compromising than any Uncle Henry, with her eyes challenging me; and as I am known by that appellation to some jolly youngsters at home, it was quite natural for me to answer, shaking hands cordially the while, "Of course it is. Nobody else!"

"I thought it must be, you're so brown," she laughed, "though you're lots younger than I expected. Papa was writing and forgot all about you till the last minute, and then he sent me. You must have thought yourself forgotten."

I was too content with the delightful situation to question how I came to be called "Uncle Henry" by my host's daughter. My semi-public character had accustomed me to many affectionate abbreviations of my name, "Old Hen" being one favorite term of endearment, and if the Huntsman's club liked "Uncle" I had no objections, though my age did not warrant the sobriquet.

"Now tell me about the heathen," she said sociably as we drove along the elm-shaded street.

Just then the sporty traveller appeared ahead, coming toward us, hot foot. My pretty companion with a sudden and effectual use of her whip urged our surprised old nag around the first corner, thus avoiding a face-to-face meeting with the approaching carriage. My young friend was evidently timid and feared a collision. "Rather speedy for Hillsborough," she said gravely.

Then I began to tell her of my experience with one of the occupants of the carriage we had avoided. I must have told it in my wittiest vein, for she seemed genuinely amused.

Then she returned to the subject of the heathen.

"Oh, they compare pretty favorably with the rest of humanity," I answered. "But to tell the truth I was always more interested in the manners and customs of the king of beasts. You can't hunt the heathen, you know, unless you belong to the army." I smiled at her gasp of surprise and proceeded to tell her a little about a lion hunt.

We arrived at the house all too soon, and a studious-looking gentleman, wearing spectacles, came down the walk to meet us.

"Your Uncle Henry arrived some time since," he said to my fair companion, who looked aghast. Then he glanced inquiringly at me. The girl

clasped her pretty hands and besought me with:

"Aren't you my Uncle Henry?"

I smiled soothingly and said to her father.

"I fear I have been unwittingly the cause of a slight mistake. I am Henry Dearborn, engaged to speak for the Huntsman's club this evening."

While I explained as well as I could, my brown-faced friend of the train appeared in the doorway casting suspicious looks at me.

It appeared that the president of the club had taken in the first tropical-looking traveler that had presented himself, and discovering his mistake early had posted back to the station with him, hoping to find me, but failing in that had taken the genuine Uncle Henry, a missionary to Africa, to his relatives.

My niece's (ad item) father, who turned out to be a minister, kindly drove me to my abiding place, where I received a warm welcome, though the wife and daughter of the family exchanged indignant and significant glances when they heard of my experience.

After I became engaged to the minister's daughter, which was not long afterward, she told me the inside history of our first meeting.

She had been late in starting for the train and had met the carriage of my entertainer bearing home in triumph her Uncle Henry, whom she had recognized from a picture of him in a religious paper. Realizing the blunder, and knowing that the lion of the Huntsman's lecture (the expression was hers, not mine) must have been left behind, she jumped at the idea of teasing the president's daughter, who had manifested some importance over the affair, by taking me in exchange for Uncle Henry. Reviewing the conversation during our drive I felt that she had cleverly covered her tracks.

"That was a clever case of kidnapping," said I severely.

"Not at all," she retorted. "It was a lion hunt, and I caught the lion!"

"And I caught—" said I, suiting the action to the word.

"A heathen," she whispered before speech was effectually cut off.—Boston Post.

CHURCH FROM OLD BOAT.

Home for Sailors on the Pacific Coast—How It Was Fitted Up.

It would be difficult to find a greater oddity in church architecture than the Seaman's Bethel, on Rattlesnake Island, close to the port of San Pedro, off the coast of California. It is the decayed and weather beaten hulk of an old ship that used to ply the salt sea. Becoming unseaworthy it was beached, made fast with cables and transformed into a church.

The Seaman's Bethel is a mission church maintained for the benefit of the sailors that come into San Pedro harbor and of the fishermen of Rattlesnake Island. All the machinery and seagoing fixtures have been removed from the old hulk and the rooms amidships that used to open into the engine room have been combined into the assembly hall.

The after deck has been boarded in and transformed into a reading room. Tables and chairs, with many books, magazines and newspapers, give the place a homelike appearance, and here the sailors of the Seven Seas, with human derelicts from many lands, congregate in the afternoons and evenings to find out what is going on in the great world.

Really the Seaman's Bethel is a sort of institutional church. The after part of the hold has been fitted up as a gymnasium. Here also is a bowling alley and in another corner are bathtubs and a water heater. Another part of the hold is fitted up with bunks, where the sailor who finds himself "broke" between voyages is made welcome to spend the night—or as many nights as he pleases.—Kansas City Star.

North Carolina Peanut Crop.

"There is a shortage in the peanut crop in North Carolina this year," said Z. W. Evans of Cisco, that State. "The shortage is due to unfavorable weather. There will be enough peanuts, however, to satisfy the demand without increasing the price or curtailing the package. It is unfortunate that there should be a shortage in the crop, as the market for the nut is being constantly widened. The yield of peanuts in this country is about six million bushels annually. The value of the crop is about \$14,000,000. Suffolk, Va., is its headquarters; though we have important clearing and shipping points in North Carolina. The vines are used as feed for horses or cattle, while hogs delight to root for the nuts which have not been gathered.

"The raising of peanuts is year by year becoming to be a more important industry with our people. A fifty acre farm devoted entirely to peanuts is not uncommon. The seeds of peanuts are planted like beans and when the vines have come up and the nuts are ready for harvesting, the farmer takes a cultivator, made especially for the purpose, and starts down the long rows. This cultivator is armed with two long knives which sink into the ground deep enough to cut the tap root of the vine. The vines are then shocked. Ten days later the nuts are gathered."—Baltimore American.

A Chinese Takin.

A Chinese takin has been mounted in the American Museum of Natural History. The animal was captured in the mountainous regions of China, and was presented to the museum by Maxon Mitchell, former American Consul to China. The takin has the characteristics of an antelope and a goat.

Paternalism

By Mayor George E. McClellan of New York



HERE is a disposition among us today to forget the sturdy individualism of the past and to think of the state as the source of all power and all blessings. This spirit of paternalism has been growing stronger and stronger as the years have gone by; both parties have felt its influence, no one in the community has been absolutely free from it. The marvelous economic development of the last half century, the enormous increase in population and wealth that has taken place in this country have presented new problems that require wise thought and the greatest care, unless we are to imperil the happiness of our country. The tendency of the day being toward paternalism, government has in good faith undertaken the solution of problems which a generation ago would have been regarded as the exclusive work of private enterprise. The complicated conditions of modern civilization, the centralization of population and wealth have made it impossible for private enterprise to perform certain public functions, and it has been obligatory upon government to undertake them.

The difficulty lies not so much in determining what government can undertake as in determining what government ought to undertake. There are those who would nevertheless have us make government so paternal as to carry us up to, if not over the line of state socialism. Some things government must do because private enterprise fails in trying to do them, and the danger comes in drawing the line where government activity shall end and private endeavor begin. The risk is that government will go so far as to paternalize every field of endeavor, so that the very spirit of individualism will be lost.

The prohibition wave that has been sweeping the country has not been due to restrictive legislation, but to the phenomenal growth of temperance sentiment which has expressed itself in legislative form. The statutes have not been the cause of the sentiment, but, on the contrary, its direct result. Forbidding men to drink will not of itself keep them sober any more than making gambling in any form a crime will of itself stop betting, or tinkering with the primary and election laws will of itself give us honest primaries or pure elections. No law can be effective that is not supported by public opinion, for, after all, law is nothing but the recognition of a public opinion that already exists.

What Is a Gentleman?

Selections From a Small Dictionary of Quotations or Prejudices

By Scribendi Cacoethes



WHAT is a gentleman? Clarendon, the historian affirmed: "If a Scotchman could have either courage or honesty he might be something of a man." Yet Providence owed the world some compensation for Carnegie.

Cromwell called Irishmen "the bringest men I ever knew."

Goethe said: "Der Engländer ist eigentlich ohne Intelligenz," and an Englishman has been known to say: "I have no prejudices, but I do hate a German."

A Frenchman is "a person, generally decorated, who ignores geography."

A German is like an oyster, all stomach and no heart, which explains why the nation is so hellacious.

In Austria, said Windischgratz, "men below the rank of Baron do not count."

A gentleman might perhaps be a Spaniard; for Lord Dundonald, when he captured a 500 ton Spanish man-of-war with his 59 ton brig, told his fallen foe "he had fought his ship like a gentleman and a Spaniard."

Sydney Smith in 1827 apologized for passing a night at a banker's country place.

Fielding speaks of "brokers and other thieves of this kind."

Jeremy Bentham said of lawyers that "their knowledge was confined to the corrupt part of human nature."

Sancho Panza declared: "There are but two lineages in the world, as my grandmother used to say, the Haves and the Have-nots, and she stuck to the Haves."

Isaac Walton may be the best judge: "I would rather prove myself a gentleman by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches, or wanting these virtues myself boast that these were in my ancestors."

Certainly the man was not a gentleman who took out a policy against fire for his wife when she merely wanted an annuity. She was justified in her divorce.

Power Boat Fishing

Great Sport for Those Who Go Down to the Sea

By Louis Rhoad



POWER boats have converted sea fishing into unalloyed pleasure. Sailing craft are all right if there is wind, but to be becalmed, "a painted ship upon a painted ocean" within sight of a big school of bluefish, is very galling. In reference to the location where August sea fishing is best, there is no choice. It is all good from Key West to the St. Lawrence Gulf. It is always best in the neighborhood of the mouths of rivers, large or small, or near rocky shores where seaweed clings and shellfish may be found. Even sandy shores, like that of the Jersey shore, are good where the sea bottom is covered with beds of shellfish. The north shore of Long Island is not nearly so good as the Connecticut coast opposite. On the other hand, the south coast of Long Island is excellent, being cut up in numerous bays and inlets, beginning at Rockaway Point, Jamaica Bay, Great South Bay, and so on to Montauk. Splendid fishing is available from Block Island to Cape Cod and up to Boston Harbor, and thence along the Maine coast as far as the Bay of Chaleur. The season for this region is not confined to the month of August, but continues on till cold weather nips the fingers.

Essayists

By Ellis O Jones



THE lowest form of art is the essay and the lowest form of humanity is the essayist. The trouble with the essayist is that he knows too much. He wins his questionable success by pelting his listeners or his readers with huge catalogic chunks of erudition until they are completely submerged and unable to do any more than gasp for breath.

In the mind of the essayist the ideal essay is a college education in tabloid form. On the other hand, an essay must not be understood to be appreciated. If it is understood, it stands forth, of course, as meaningless as remarks on the liquor question by a politician who doesn't know whether he is talking to a saloon-keeper or a W. C. T. U. lady.

If anyone wants to take the pains critically to analyze a really artistic essay, it will be found that almost every statement made is true, but that none of them makes any difference.—From Life.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland.

Even though forty-five years old, Mrs. Cleveland still retains her girlish looks. She is a great walker. Every summer she takes a number of two or three-day trips over the mountains, and she enjoys particularly camping out for the night on the top of a mountain. Her nature buoyant, sunny and kindly, was, of course, God-given; but her wonderful experiences, which would have turned the head of many brilliant women, have only added to her grace and humility.

Respected and admired by a whole country, and loved by a devoted family and a wide circle of friends, she is what "the first lady of the land," should be—an ideal for the typical American woman.—American Magazine.

THEIR SKIN TROUBLES CURED.

Two Little Girls Had Eczema Very Badly—In One Case Child's Hair Came Out and Left Bare Patches—Cuticura Met with Success.

"I have two little girls who have been troubled very badly with eczema. One of them had it on her lower limbs. I did everything that I could hear of for her, but it did not give in until warm weather, when it seemingly subsided. The next winter when it became cold the eczema started again and also in her head, where it would take the hair out and leave bare patches. At the same time her arms were sore the whole length of them. I took her to a physician, but the child grew worse all the time. Her sister's arms were also affected. I began using the Cuticura Remedies, and by the time the second lot was used their skin was soft and smooth." Mrs. Charles Baker, Albion, Me., Sept. 21, 1908.

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props of Cuticura Remedies, Boston, Mass. 41

An Apocryphal Conversation.

"Peary is getting more credit than he had at first," observed the critic.

"Yes," answered Dr. Cook, "but I'm getting more cash."—Cleveland Leader.

The next time you feel that swallowing sensation, the sure sign of sore throat, gargle Hamlin's Wizard Oil immediately with three parts water. It will save you days and perhaps weeks of misery.

Autumn's Color Drama.

The man who is too busy or too careless of the beauties of nature to wander off into the autumn woodlands, or that man who cannot appreciate the truths and the lessons that lie beneath the molding leaves and twigs and in the colors of the foliage, is indeed unable to share one of the greatest pleasures which the changing year holds for the human mind. The woods this fall are more beautiful than usual. The trees have put on their beauty garb of gold, crimson and russet earlier than in their wont, and in the heart of the sylvan solitude is such a riot of color and beauty now as never can be seen save in the workshop of nature.

Women as a rule do not need to have their attention called to these things; they recognize them instinctively. But too often men, if they can appreciate natural beauty—and not all can—are ashamed of the fact, strange to say. The Sunday walk that does not lead to the woods these cool, bracing days, however, spurns the greatest show that can be set before man's eyes.—Baltimore Star.

That Medical Mystery.

Pellagra, that so-called medical mystery which has puzzled Southern physicians, is simplified by the paper from Dr. F. M. Sandwith of London read yesterday at the International Pellagra Conference at Columbus, S. C. The British professor, who has made an exhaustive study of the disease which has recently so alarmed the south, confirms the opinion of American practitioners that it is caused by eating starchy or moldy maize. That, too, has been the view in Italy and other South European countries where pellagra has been prevalent for years. But Dr. Sandwith adds that the hookworm, for the eradication of which Mr. Rockefeller has given a million, is a complement of pellagra and that they are usually found together. In that case the Rockefeller donation will perhaps serve a double purpose.

Great Britain has 500,000 horses available for the purposes of warfare.

Silence!

The instinct of modesty natural to every woman is often a great hindrance to the cure of womanly diseases. Women shrink from the personal questions of the local physician, which seem indelicate. The thought of examination is abhorrent to them, and so they endure in silence a condition of disease which surely progresses from bad to worse.

It has been Dr. Pierce's privilege to cure a great many women who have found a refuge for modesty in his offer of FREE consultation by letter. All correspondence is held as sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restores and regulates the womanly functions, abolishes pain and builds up and puts the finishing touch of health on every weak woman who gives it a fair trial.

It Makes Weak Women Strong, Sick Women Well.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of known composition.

OWES HER LIFE TO

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Vienna, W. Va.—"I feel that I owe the last ten years of my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Eleven years ago I was a walking shadow. I had been under the doctor's care but got no relief. My husband persuaded me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like a charm. It relieved all my pains and misery. I advise all suffering women to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. EMMA WHEATON, Vienna, W. Va.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every such suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

For Asthma, Bronchitis and All Throat Troubles Take PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS

The relief is as quick as it is certain. Pleasant to take and guaranteed absolutely free from opiates.

All Druggists, 25 cents.

Whiskered Jurors.

An Illinois judge, whose name we will not give, made a recent address before the Illinois State Attorneys' Association, in which he told of the tricks of lawyers to win cases. Speaking of the prejudices of jurors and of judges he said: "Whiskers play a great part in lawsuits. At present the prejudice in Chicago is against jurors with whiskers. It formerly was the other way. I know a judge who thought he was without prejudice and thought only men with long whiskers made good jurors. The prejudice now is the other way and attorneys here generally reject men with long whiskers." It is fortunate that this prejudice is not widely prevalent, for if it were there could hardly fall to be a sudden change in men's fashions which would banish the smooth-shaven and moustached from American police society.—Green Bag.

Moderation.

Drinking is a habit that grows, an occasional smile, but he shouldn't allow it to develop into a perpetual grin. All right for man to indulge in.

A dentist surgeon expresses the opinion in the Dundee Advertiser that the chief cause of the increase of dental troubles in recent years is that the bread now generally used is made from roller-ground flour.

THE Famous Rayo Lamp

Once a Rayo user always one

The RAYO LAMP is a high grade lamp sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more but there is no better lamp at any price. The Burner, the Wick, the Glass, the Base—all are vital things in a lamp; these parts of the RAYO LAMP are perfectly constructed and there is nothing else of any kind that can be used to the advantage of a light giving device. Suitable for the home. Every dealer everywhere carries descriptive circular to the nearest

THE STEADY WHITE LIGHT

Electric Refining Company (Incorporated)

THE Famous Rayo Lamp

Once a Rayo user always one

The RAYO LAMP is a high grade lamp sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more but there is no better lamp at any price. The Burner, the Wick, the Glass, the Base—all are vital things in a lamp; these parts of the RAYO LAMP are perfectly constructed and there is nothing else of any kind that can be used to the advantage of a light giving device. Suitable for the home. Every dealer everywhere carries descriptive circular to the nearest

THE STEADY WHITE LIGHT

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